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"GOD KNOWS."

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mother's breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand;
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain,—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Echoed from steep to steep.
"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"
They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down.
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the Pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carved words—"God knows!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

Jessamine's Happiness.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

They were as unlike as one could imagine two girls to be—Maude Trevanien, tall and stately as a lily, with a haughty way of carrying her head, and her low, refined voice, that for worlds she would not have heard above a certain, well-regulated, aristocratic pitch—with black eyes and pale, ivory complexion, contrasting superbly with the curving, scarlet lips and inky black hair; that was arranged always in a stylish and becoming way—a way that the country girls imitated in vain, so far as the effect was concerned.

Standing in the open doorway of the Horton farm-house, where she had been a "boarder" since the first blossom had been showered, like a rain of fragrant snow, on the velvety grass, Maude Trevanien made a striking contrast, in her young, proud strength and pulsing vitality, to the little thing sitting so demurely, so quietly, on the lowest step of the piazza—a slight fragile girl, with pale, delicate skin, like the petals of a tea-rose, with big, sorrowful eyes of liquid gray—gray as one seldom sees, with warm, bronze lights in their grave, wistful depths; and soft, flossy hair like a child's.

Jessamine herself was so like a child that her eighteen years of delicate girlhood seemed almost a dream to look back upon—to that time when she was left, a motherless baby, on the hands of the landlord of the little inn, where a gentle-voiced, sad-eyed woman, herself scarce more than a girl, had laid down her own life, and given to the mercies of utter strangers this little waif, who, from that hour when the dying mother had whispered "Call it Jessamine," to the midsummer day when she sat on the farm-house steps, looking up into Maude Trevanien's face, had known no home but Horton farm. no parents except the big-souled, rough-voiced farmer and his gentle, blue-eyed little wife, whose heart was equally divided between Jessie and her own child—big, stalwart, handsome John, who was heir to all the wealth of the estate, and who lorded it already over everybody, after his own joyous, frank, cheery way, for which everybody, from Jessamine clear up to Miss Trevanien, adored him.

Jessamine was sitting very demurely and quietly on the lower step of the porch that lovely, sunshiny day, when Maude Trevanien came to the edge of the piazza, so beautiful, so strengthful, so soft-voiced and smiling, as she first looked down upon, and then spoke to Jessamine.

"A silver penny for your thoughts, Jessie; although I am sure I can guess about what they are. You are wondering what it means—what Mr. Horton and his mother have gone to the city to-day to buy, with that old wallet stuffed full of bank-notes."

Her bright eyes did not betray the eagerness she felt, nor did she allow her low, even tones to manifest it.

Jessamine had flushed ever so slightly when Maude's voice had startled her from her dreamy little reverie, and the mention of John Horton's name had deepened it a little; for it was of handsome John, who was always so good, so thoughtful, so tender, that her girlish heart was dreaming.

The practical matter-of-factness of Maude's question dissipated the slight confusion she imagined, and wrongly, that Maude had not seen.

Her voice was very sweet—soft as Maude's own—and with a true melody in it.

"Yes, I know, for auntie told me"—she had been taught to call Mrs. Horton auntie. "They are going to refurnish the parlor, and buy a piano, and John is to have a chamber-set of walnut, marble tops."

Her frank blue eyes were looking innocently into the half-mocking dark ones, whose expression matched Maude's lips as she replied:

"Of course I know all that—John consulted me about the parlor carpet and the bed room suit. But I ask you if you knew what it was all for?"

Jessamine looked surprised.

"All for? Why for nothing, but to have the house look nice and more fashionable. What else would it be for?"

Maude spread her rustling silk skirt over the clean steps, as she sat down.

"Is it possible that you don't know any more than that, Jessie?" Why didn't you guess there was going to be a wedding?"

The gray eyes opened suddenly wider.

"A wedding? Why, no! Whose wedding, Maude?"

There was a slow drawing of white pain on her face; of which she was not conscious; but Maude saw it and was satisfied.

"You baby! Why, John's of course! Whose would it be?"

Her earnest, pain-stricken eyes were looking so searchingly into Maude's face, and Maude blushed and turned away in a pretty confusion of manner, that startled Jessamine with the truth.

"How do you suppose I know, Jessie, unless—unless—"

Jessamine stifled the pang that was tearing at her heart, and finished the coquettishly hesitating sentence:

"Unless you have a right to know, Maude. Tell me, please, her name!"

Her heart told her who it was—she did not need to have Maude's lips confirm the truth she felt in her own soul; and yet she felt that if there was a shadow of a possibity that she was mistaken, Maude's were the lips to tell her so. So, with an agonizing little prayer, away down in her heart, that she might be mistaken, she put the question.

And Maude laughed, and evaded it gracefully.

"I was afraid you wouldn't like it, Jessie, knowing so well as I do that you are in love with John yourself, and—"

"Maude Trevanien, stop!"

Jessamine fairly gasped the words, and her face grew white and stony; but Maude went on—softly, gently, mercilessly:

"I speak in all kindness, dear, and you will thank me some day—when John's wife comes, and you will find what I have said is true, that you will no longer be welcome in the house where you will almost be a rival to her. You will thank me for telling you, so that you can get away without anybody's feelings being hurt—for of course the future Mrs. John Horton will not want you here, and the old people would hate to send you away, delicate, weak as you are."

"A hot, scarlet wave rushed over Jessamine's face. This from the "future Mrs. John Horton" herself!

"No one shall send me!" she exclaimed, passionately. "I know as well as you I have no business here, and you can tell the future Mrs. Horton I will never trouble her!"

The sweet, pained voice quivered, and she walked hurriedly away, as if the brilliantly beautiful face was a Medusa head; while Maud's red lips slowly curved into a smile of triumph, contempt, satisfaction, as she watched the slender, willowy figure.

"She is dispensed with, at all events. As if I hadn't read both her secret and her pride! And with her out of the sight of John Horton, it shall not be my fault if he does not propose to me, as that credulous little fool thinks he has already done! We will see whether or not the new furniture is for John's wedding and—mine!"

The round harvest moon was coming slowly up the dark blue sky, looking like a great golden ball, and Jessamine, with her eyes looking as if they had never known a tear, so bright and clear they were, for all she had been crying all the afternoon, for all her foolish little heart was throbbing and pulsing with pain—Jessamine was waiting, beside the big, flagant, syringa bush, for John Horton to come.

"I will hear it from his own lips, that he is going to be married to Maude Trevanien, and if he is, I will go away to New York, where I will be able to earn my living in some of the stores I've heard Maude tell about—where I will not be in their way."

And she stifled the sobs she felt were coming, as John Horton's firm, quick footsteps sounded near by, and the tall, handsome fellow came striding along in the golden moonlight, looking grand, manly enough to win any girl's heart.

He stopped short when he saw her, and took her hand caressingly in his and drew it through his arm.

"Waiting for me, Jessie? That's good of you, puss. What a glorious night it is!"

Jessamine plucked up all her courage.

"I was waiting for you, John, to ask you—whether or not—whether it is true—whether—if—John, it is really true you are going to be married?"

Her sweet face was pale with earnestness, and John looked down on it, half amused, half gravely tender.

"What of it, dear? Surely you will not be displeased? Tell me who told you, Jessie?"

Her face was averted, for her rebellious lips were trembling—he had as good as admitted it!

"Never mind, John—I heard it, and I wanted to know if I were true, so I might tell you how truly happy I hope you will be."

John caressed her fingers softly, a soft, subdued light on his face, a great tenderness in his handsome eyes.

"Truly happy? I could not fail of being perfectly happy, Jessie, with the darling I have dared hope—Oh, Maude, I beg pardon! We came very near running over you!"

And seeing how easy Miss Trevanien accepted her own intrusion—no, of course it could not be an intrusion, when John was her lover—little Jessamine stole away, with her last hope crushed, her one earthly happiness trampled down.

"I will go—I must go! I should die if I stayed here and saw them!"

And while Miss Trevanien sang sentimental songs on the front piazza, and John Horton sat tilted back in his chair, listening and thinking—we shan't tell what—Jessamine was quietly explaining to "Auntie Horton," in the kitchen, the necessity of her own future dependence on her own exertions, and succeeded in coaxing from that gentle yielding old lady the direction of a distant relative in the city, who might aid in procuring her a pleasant situation.

"Whatever John will say, I daren't think," she began plaintively; but Jessamine smiled faintly.

"John will not care, and he need not know until after I am gone. He and Maude are so much taken up with each other, they'll never miss me, and I shall really like it so."

Mrs. Horton stared through her gold-rimmed glasses at the girl's truthful, lovely face; and then, when she turned around to peep at the sponge just set, a grand, motherly smile broadened her dear old face.

The afternoon sunshine came hot and bright through the one uncurtained window of the forlorn little station, where Jessamine was patiently sitting, waiting for the three fifteen train, that should take her up—away from the sweet, wide, country she had known all her life—away from John Horton and the dear old home—and deposit her among the bustle and confusing strangeness, and stifling heat, and crowded misery of the metropolis.

She was unspeakably miserable and home-sick. The red chimney of the farm-house, gleaming picturesquely among the button-balls a quarter-mile away, seemed thousands of miles distant, judging by the lonely pain she felt, sitting there, solitary, on her self-instituted term of banishment, and shrinking off in one corner of the car-seat-seat, after the long, dusty, shrieking train had stopped a second, in obedience to the little red flag she had hung out, and then dashed on, away into the new, strauge world—the new, strange, lonely life.

It was dark when she reached the city—hot, breathlessly hot, and horribly noisy and dirty. And oh, what had made Maude Trevanien tell her John wouldn't care for her after he was married? What had made everything so miserable and tangled up, and desolate?

Her tears were coming in great salt gushes, and she was wearily getting her little shawl and big satchel together, to leave the almost deserted train, with a heart heavier than lead, when a firm hand was laid on her shoulder, and her name, in a low, reproachful tone, was almost whispered in her ear.

"Jesssamine?"

She turned affrightedly at first—then, with a sudden bliss at her heart, met John Horton's eyes.

"You would persist in running away from home, and I was just as persistent in following you, Jessie! I just caught the train—by the rear car, too. So you are trying to get away from me, are you Jessamine?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, John, how could I stay after what she said? I would much rather go than be told I wasn't wanted, or to stay and be unwelcome! you have been so good to me, John!"

John's face was a perfect picture of bewilderment.

"Really, I cannot fathom one word of all this mystery, Jessie. Who told you that you were likely to be unwelcome at my house or my mother's home?"

He had coolly captured her satchel and shawl, and was looking at her very curiously.

"Your betrothed, John—and she ought to know. Miss Trevanien—"

John's lips suddenly parted over his handsome teeth.

"O-h! yes, I see! And so I am engaged to Miss Trevanien, am I? Jessie—you jealous, loving little darling!—I never thought of being engaged to her—bold, scheming creature!—nor is there but one girl in the world I *would* be engaged to. Jessie, Jessie, look at me, and see in my eyes who she is! Tell me if she says yes, after my chasing her a hundred miles for the answer."

* * * * *

And Miss Trevanien paid her board-bill, with the inward conviction that the Hortons and she would remain apart for the future, which conviction was well sustained by the Hortons; while to dear, foolish, loving, jealous Jessamine came such undreamed-of happiness that it more than a thousand-fold atoned.

A Promise.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

WHY HE DIDN'T.

"But, Judge, you never told me why you did not marry Miss Van Horn. We all thought that matter was settled, but suddenly we were surprised by the news that you had married a stranger in the city, and Helen Van Horn was left disconsolate. I wonder what has become of her; she must have married well, however, she had a fine chance to choose, for there was scarcely a good match in the city that was not at her command at one time."

"Yes, yes," answered the gentleman addressed — Judge Hume, a distinguished, handsome, intelligent-looking man of about forty-five years of age; a successful lawyer, who had some years before been raised to the judicial bench almost by acclamation—"no woman could have married better than Helen Van Horn. Why I did not marry her is a short, simple story, not without a moral; and I will tell it if you care to hear it. I have never told it before, even to my wife, ludicrous as some of its phases are. So take a cigar—you will find it a good one—and hear how, possibly, Helen Van Horn is not Mrs. Hume to-day.

"You knew her father," began the Judge, "and will remember that he was reputed to be very rich. However, it turned out, upon his death, and after his debts were paid, that there was left a mere pittance for Helen, obliging her, the petted child of fortune, to live with extreme economy ever since."

"Do you mean to say that she has never married!" asked his guest.

"Married!" repeated Hume; "no indeed! and in that may be seen the moral of my story to which I referred. But do not let us anticipate; let us begin at the beginning.

"One evening, going to fulfil an engagement with Miss Van Horn, as the servant ushered me unannounced into the parlor, I found her engaged in an animated conversation with a singularly handsome young man, who, I saw at a glance, might readily become a formidable rival, and I felt for the instant a sharp pang of that unamiable, disconcerting passion, jealousy. But as my entrance had been unobserved, I was able to recover myself before saying, in my blandest manner, 'Good evening.' The gentleman started, and stiffly returned my bow. As for Helen, with suffused cheeks she said, 'Why, Mr. Hume, I did not hear you at all; you are absolutely as gentle as a lamb.'

"Somewhat angry at her satirical tone, I observed that she was engaged in conversation and probably did not hear me enter, and added that I had called to attend her to the gallery to see the picture she was anxious about.

"'But really, Mr. Hume,' she said, somewhat confusedly, looking from the stranger to me, 'I had entirely forgotten all about it, and so promised Mr. Churchill here to accompany him to see 'Richelieu' to-night.'

"I glanced toward the stranger and he returned the glance with a slight frown on his face. Miss Van Horn continued, 'But oh! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I had forgotton you were not acquainted with each other. Mr. Hume, this is my friend, Mr. Churchill, of Richmond,' and she carelessly fell back into the chair, from which she had half risen for the moment.

"'I am sorry Miss Van Horn has so treacherous a memory; but I hope, Mr. Churchill—with your approval—can be prevailed upon to defer his engagement, for I assure you the picture is a rare gem, and well worth seeing. I persisted in this because I had become slightly roused by the indolent way of receiving the homage paid her, and there seemed to be a gleam of triumph in the face of my rival.

"The young man looked at me gravely, then silently turned to Miss Van Horn for some expression of her wishes. He was evidently very much displeased at my interruption of their tete a tete, and was sufficiently interested in the lady to be seriously ruffled by my seeming rivalry; he was not altogether pleased with the fact that she seemed so careless with respect to her engagements, which did not accord with his standard of women. He was a well educated, comely young man of good fortune, accustomed to be well received by women, and yet—as he afterwards told me—he could not help for the moment some apprehension that the lady's choice for the evening might go against him, for you know I was called quite a lady's man in those days.

"As for Miss Van Horn, she sat, meanwhile, demurely toying with a large tassel suspended from the arm of her easy chair for a moment, as if in deliberation, then exclaimed: 'Really, I am sure it must be very wrong in me to be so thoughtless, is it not?' Here a captivating smile illumined her beautiful features and parted her bewitched lips, just discovering the pearly teeth between them, and she added, 'Will you not settle the question, gentlemen, between yourselves?'

"The matter must be arranged in some way, and as I was the most intimate friend of the family, and my rival a comparative stranger, I was about to magnanimously withdraw my pretensions and leave the field, when suddenly there was a loud ring at the front door, and Miss Van Horn startled to her feet with the exclamation: "Ah, that must be Mr. DeStultus! what an unfortunate, thoughtless girl I am, for I do believe I am engaged to go to the opera with him to-night?'

"That quickly settled the question in dispute between Mr. Churchill and myself; and with a common impulse we both rose to our feet, smiled at each other pleasantly, and with mere a hurried 'good evening to Miss Van Horn, I stooped for my hat, which had fallen from my hand in my surprise, and struck my head against the corner of the piano. Mr. Churchill rushed into the hall, almost upsetting the diminutive De Stultus, whom he met, the very picture of effeminacy and ultra-foppishness.

"Descending to the sidewalk where the brilliant equipage of De Stultus, met our view, we both simultaneously burst into a laugh that seemed to break the ice between us, for we walked off together for several squares. As I complained of a severe pain in my eyes from the blow I had received, my companion said, 'I hope, Mr. Hume will pardon my recent rude persistence in my fancied engagement with our fair acquaintance, and let us be good friends out of sympathy for the denouement. As we are here at my hotel, let us enter and drink to the good fortune of Mr. De Stultus.

"I gladly accepted the invitation, and we were engaged in a pleasant conversation when a loud noise was heard in the street, mingled with the cry of a woman in distress.

"Suddenly starting to our feet we rushed forward to render assistance. The first object that met our sight was Helen Van Horn, covered with mud, but happily more frightened than hurt. De Stultus was also in a wretched plight, but too much engrossed, as might be expected from such a creature, with his own mishap, to give the least attention to his associate in misfortune, whom he left to struggle to her feet unaided, and to make her way to the sidewalk, where her recent visitors met her, and where she hysterically explained how a truck, against which De Stultus' carriage had been carelessly driven, had left them stranded in the muddy street, fortunately and marvelously, however, without broken bones.

"Churchill called a carriage and we escorted the wretched demoiselle back to her residence, at the door of which we congratulated her upon her lucky escape, and bid her 'good night.'

"My new friend then proposed that we should at once drive to the opera, where he hoped we might meet a party of his friends, to whom he would be pleased to introduce me, and in whose society we would find surcease for our disappointments in regard to Miss Van Horn. I assented. Churchill's friends were met as he had promised, and among them were two beautiful sisters, so attractive that they speedily drove all thoughts of a mere handsome girl, superficial and spoiled, like Helen Van Horn, out of the head of Churchill as well as my own. A charming evening at the opera ripened into a serious attachment on the part of Churchill and myself for these sisters, which ended in our marriage, and no one ever had juster reason for saying,

'There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,'

than I have! And how you know why I did not marry Miss Van Horn, and also now two men, for a moment about to be made enemies through the reckless, unscrupulous coquetry of an inferior, heartless woman, by a happy stroke of fortune became friends and brothers.

"As for Helen Van Horn, she still lives in single blessedness, and upon the memory of her many conquests, finding her chief gratification for some years past in recounting the various eligible offers she had refused, including always Churchill and myself among her rejected suitors. A heavy speculation into which De Stultus had been beguiled about the time of Miss Van Horn's triple engagements for the same evening, resulted so disastrously for him that her doors were at once rigidly closed upon that admirer, who disappeared like a quenched meteor from society. Meanwhile occurred the death of old Mr. Van Horn, which, as I have said, left the daughter no other attraction than mere physical beauty, that had now become so used that it ceased to please marriageable men, and she was no longer able to make three engagements for one evening.

"Hers has indeed been a life of lost opportunities."

He Would Have It.

The demand for blue glass has been so great during the past few weeks that an advertiser in the paper, whose stock was nearly exhausted resorted to the following method to obtain exorbitant prices for what he had left.

A customer comes in and asks:" Have you any blue glass?"

"Yes, we have a little; I believe, one pane. What do you want for it? Is it for a lady or gentleman?"

"It is for my wife."

"Well, the glass used for ladies has been so much called for, that we have only a few feet left."

Customer: "Well, I must have some, it I can get it. I have been to several places."

Salesman: Take a seat, sir, and I will send back and see. Tom, have we any No. 84 left?"

Tom: "I will look." Hunts for blue glass, and returns saying there is just one piece, about 7x13.

Salesman: "Well, we don't want to sell it all; we are verry sorry, sir."

Cus omer: "I will give you your own price for that piece?"

Salesman: "Well, you can have it for two dollars; but I would rather keep it." And he got his price.

—The New York Open Stock Board has disbanded, and the Gold Board will close up May 1st.

The Silk-Worm.

Is a catterpillar and if it lived through the existence intended for it would eventually become a moth, which naturalists call a bombyx. It was discovered a great many years ago that they produced a fine article of silk which might be used with advantage in the manufacture of different garments; in other words that "there was money in them." Consequently they have since been carefully fed and treated. The catterpillar thrives best upon the leaves of the white mulberry. After hatching from the egg it feeds voraciously, moults three or four times, and attains a length of about three inches, being of a pale green color. It now ceases eating and prepares the cocoon in which it is to pass the chrysalis state. If you would know the exact method in which this cocoon is constructed you have only to capture a few of the large green caterpillars so common upon the willow during summer and watch them for they both perform the operation in exactly the same manner. They are near relatives to each other. The substance from which the silk is produced is contained in two long sacs, one on either side of the body. A thread from each sac passes through a tube or duct in the front of the head, where they are cemented together by a kind of gum forming one thread. The caterpillar first forms a loose, irregular structure, inside of which it constructs the firmer oval cocoon of one continued thread by moving his head around from point to point in a zig zag course. If left alone he would after a while complete his development, make his way through the end of the cocoon and become a handsome moth. But under cultivation, by steaming or otherwise the greater part of the chrysalids are killed within the cocoon. By placing the cocoon in warm water the gummy cement is softened, so that the silk may be reeled off. The cocoon of one healthy caterpillar will produce from 600 to 1,000 yards of silk thread.

Although what I have told you has been in great part only interesting facts in the life-histories of insects, you may have noticed that in the investigation of the embryology and metamorphosis of insects, other facts have been discovered which in a commercial point of view are of incalculable value to us, and from which we are all of us every day deriving benefit

The discrimination of noxious insects from those we can utilize, the medicinal properties of certain species and the finding out of the exact stage at which time insects are most damaging to our crops, and the best means of preventing the same, are all subjects of great importance to us.

The Little Bear.

The Little Bear is a small but most interesting constellation. I do not think that the Little Bear, like the larger, one, was so named because of any imagined resemblance to a bear. The original constellation of the Great Bear was much older than the Little Bear, and so many different nations agreed in comparing the group to a bear, that there must have been real resemblance to that animal in the constellation as first figured. Later, when star-maps came to be arranged by astronomers who had never seen bears' they supposed the three bright stars forming the handle of the Dipper to represent the tail of the bear, though the bear is not a long-tailed animal. They thus set three stars for the bear's tail, and the quadrangle of stars forming the dipper for the bear's body. It was not formed by fanciful folks in the childhood of the world, but by astronomers. Yet it must not be imagined that the constellation is a modern one. It not only belongs to old Ptolemy's list, but is mentioned by Aratus, who borrowed his astronomy from Eudoxus, who "flourished" (as the school-books call it) about 360 years before the Christian era. It is said that Thales formed the constellation, in which case it must have reached the respectable age of about 2500 years.

But if the Little Bear is not a very fine animal, it is a most useful constellation. From the time when the Phœnicians were as celebrated merchant seamen as the Venetians afterward became, and as the English speaking nations now are, this star-group has been the cynosure of every sailor's regard. In fact, the word "cynosure" was originally a name given either to the whole of this constellation or to a part of it. Cynosure has become quite a poetical expression in our time, but it means literally "the dog's tail.

Admiral Smyth gives some particulars about the two stars in the Little Bear called the "guardians of the pole." "Recorde tells us," he says, "in the 'Castle of Knowledge,' nearly three hundred years ago, that navigators used two pointers in Ursa—'which many do call the Shafte, and others do name the Guardas, after the Spanish tonge,' Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte of Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'starres,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the mouth of the 'horne,' as the figure was called.' (The pole-star would mark the small end of the horne.) "How often," says Hervey in his "Meditations," "have these stars beamed bright intelligence on the sailor and conducted the keel to its destined haven!"—*St. Nicholas.*

—Rev. Dr. Houghton has been pastor of the "Little Church Around the Corner" for twenty-seven years.

—At Florence, Arizona, there is a restaurant kept by a Chinaman, with a Mexican wife, a negro cook and a white man for a waiter.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—There are 1,110 students in the University of Michigan at the present time.

—Daguerre, who gave a name to the daguerrotype, is to have a monument in Paris.

—Sir George B. Airy has been Astronomer Royal of England for over forty years.

—The State of Virginia will collect a tax of one cent on each drink of liquor sold at a bar.

—The butter and egg trade of Webster City, Iowa, last season aggregated nearly $80,000.

—In point of railroad mileage Germany heads European countries. In proportion to area, Belgium.

—Fred Grant has been sent to the State prison for burglary, but it was Fred Grant who lived in Rockland, Me.

—George Macdonald, the novelist, has eleven children, and the boys and girls alternate regularly through the whole number.

—General Hancock is to be assigned to the Southern military district again, much to the satisfaction of the residents of Louisiana.

—English capitalists have loaned to foreign countries a total of $335,094,423, which they are not likely to get back again.

—The Home for Women, founded in New York by the late A. T. Stewart, has been fully furnished, and will shortly be opened.

—A grand ball is to be given in Music Hall, Boston on the 9th of April, in aid of the old South Preservation Fund. Save the old church.

—The German Postmaster General proposes the introduction of postal cards serving for all countries in the Postal Union, at the price of one penny each.

—Soup houses are growing in favor all over Germany, owing to the distress caused by business depression and the resulting hard times among working people.

—Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, spends her time in collecting money with which to redeem articles pawned by poor people in that city during the past hard winter.

—Manufactories of wood at Chicago number 226, with a capital of $7,671,000; employ 9,263 hands, pay $4,013,570 for wages and produce goods to the amount of $18,807,000.

—The Dominion Government is said to have under consideration the question of an appropriation to have Canada properly represented at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

—In England in 1873 iron and steel rails were selling at £15 and £22 per ton, respectively; now, they may be had for £5 5s. and £7 5s. Pig iron has fallen to less than half its price in 1873.

—The old Schuyler mansion at Albany, N. Y., where General Burgoyne was confined after his surrender at Saratoga, belongs to the widow of ex-President Fillmore, who at present resides in Buffalo.

—A Baltimore inventor is ruined. He invented a kind of air cushion for women's bustles, put all his money into their manufacture, and now a change of fashion has left the stock valueless on his hands.

—The Prince of Wales has decided to place his two eldest sons on the ship-of-war Brittania, in order that they may be subject to naval discipline, although not necessarily with the view to adopting the navy as a profession.

—A statistical Parisian boot-maker has recently given American ladies the distinction of having the smallest feet feet by nature among their sex, and from them he ascends in the order of Spanish, Italians, Russians and English to the Germans.

—The Rhode Island Fish Commissioners put 120,000 salmon and 20,0000 land-locked salmon into the various rivers of that State last year, and stocked twenty-five ponds with black bass. Their efforts in shad culure have proved very successful.

—At the old King's Arms Inn, Lancaster, England, is one of the three clocks invented and constructed by Ben Franklin. It has three wheels and strikes the hour. It is soon to be sold with a number of other curious and historical objects.

—Secretary Schurz can speak fluently in the English, German and French languages, and it is said that his gift causes him a good deal of trouble as it enables office-seekers of three nationalities to weary him with eloquence in their native tongue.

—It is estimated that about 10,000 of French revolutionists who participated in the revolution of the Commune are now in the United States, of whom about 2,000 reside in New York city. About 10,000 are still held in penal servitude at New Caledonia.

—Comptroller Hubbard of Connecticut refused to purchase the portrait of Sir Edmund Andros, which the Legislature authorized him to buy, on the ground that the subject was not worthy of a place among the Governors of the State. The Senate sustained him.

—Mr. James Irvine, the great sheep farmer, of Los Angeles county, California, intends to kill thirty-nine thousand sheep on account of the drought which prevails in that region. He owns altogether about forty-five thousand sheep and one hundred and seven thousand acres of land.

—A large number of Roman coins and an enameled brooch, inclosed in a handsome vase, were dug up in London the other day, by some workmen who were laying gas pipes. The coins bore inscriptions which showed them to be of the reigns of the Roman Emperors between 81 and 195 A. D.

—Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is now in her ninety-fourth year, and it seems probable she may yet realize her expressed wish to live to be one hundred years old. Though feeble, she maintains full possession of her mental faculties, and takes an active interest in public affairs, especially abroad.

—An oft projected scheme, the Euphrates Valley Railway, is now to be brought forward in earnest. When the work is completed passengers will be able to start from London and, excepting for the passage, go the whole way to India by rail. The time which the trip will occupy is something short of eleven days.